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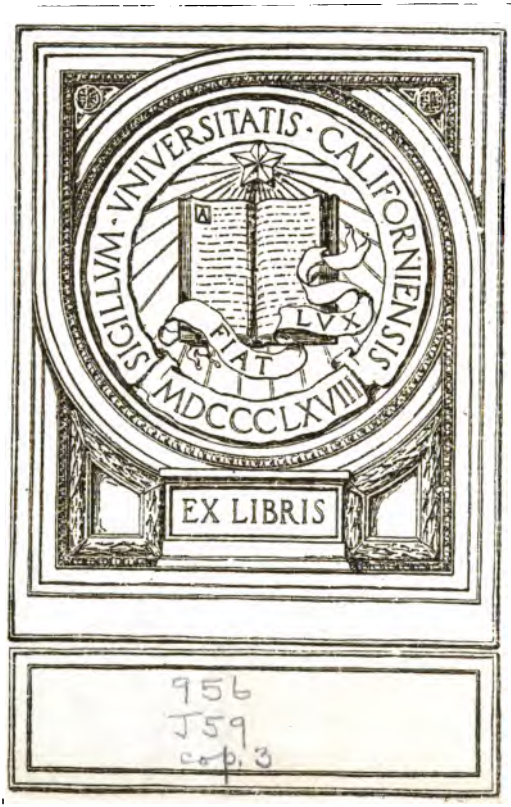
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HOPI

THE CLIFF-DWELLER

BY

MARTHA JEWETT

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TO the small travelers whose hands are knocking at the doors of the lands of the unknown, this volume is dedicated, with the sympathy of one who has passed that way before, and the hope that they may be led into larger realms of thought.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

"Hopi the Cliff-Dweller" is designed for children of the second primary grade. Reading, Language, and Literature go hand in hand; one cannot be taught without the other. It may be used as a basis for language work in the hands of the teacher, then as a reader in the hands of the children.

Extensive work in language should precede, having children reproduce orally. Let them express by means of charcoal or water color, or work out concretely on the sand table.

When the children have "lived" with these Cliff-dwellers; when they have learned all about their life and habits, and can reproduce in substance; then they are prepared to read.

The vocabulary may be found at the back of the book. All new words should be developed on the blackboard, before the reading lesson, either by phonics or word-building, according to the judgment of the teacher.

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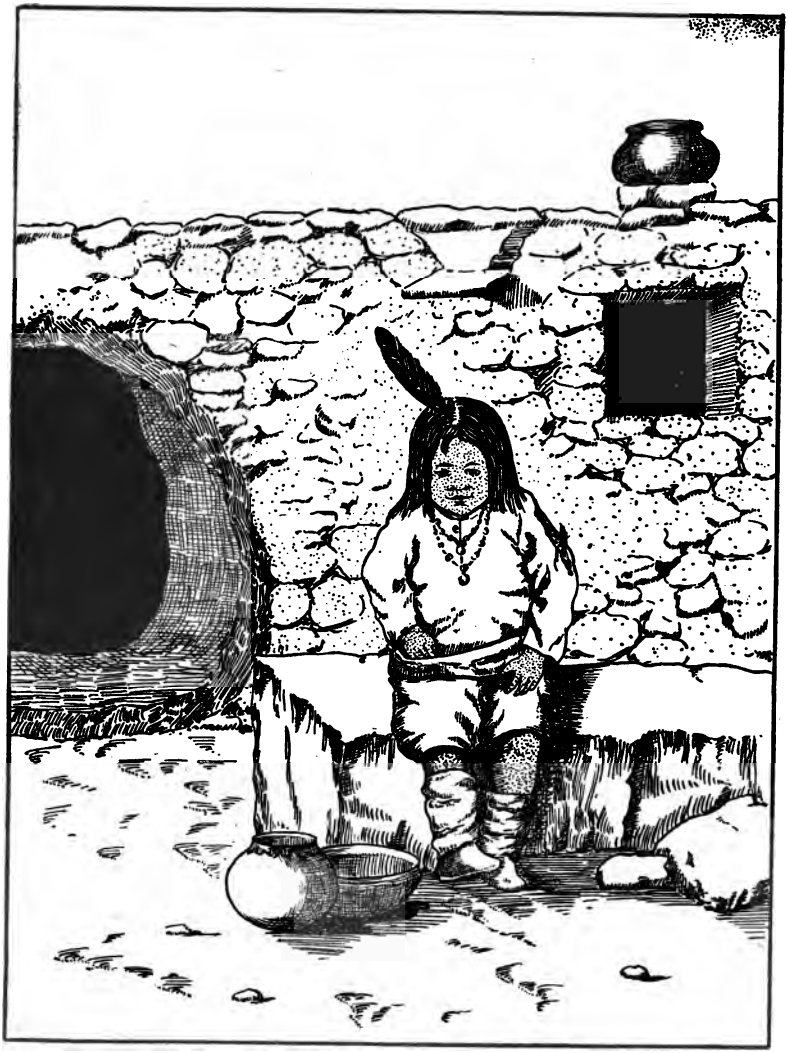


HOPI THE CLIFF-DWELLER

HOPI THE CLIFF-DWELLER

Here is a Cliff-dweller.

The Cliff-dwellers were Indians.

They lived hundreds of years ago.

The Cliff-dwellers lived in this country before Columbus came here.

Would you not like to visit the homes of the Cliff-dwellers?

They lived in the far West.

The land there has hills like tables.

These high hills are of red sandstone.

The sides of these table-lands are called cliffs.

The sun shines bright and hot on them.

The Cliff-dwellers lived on these cliffs.

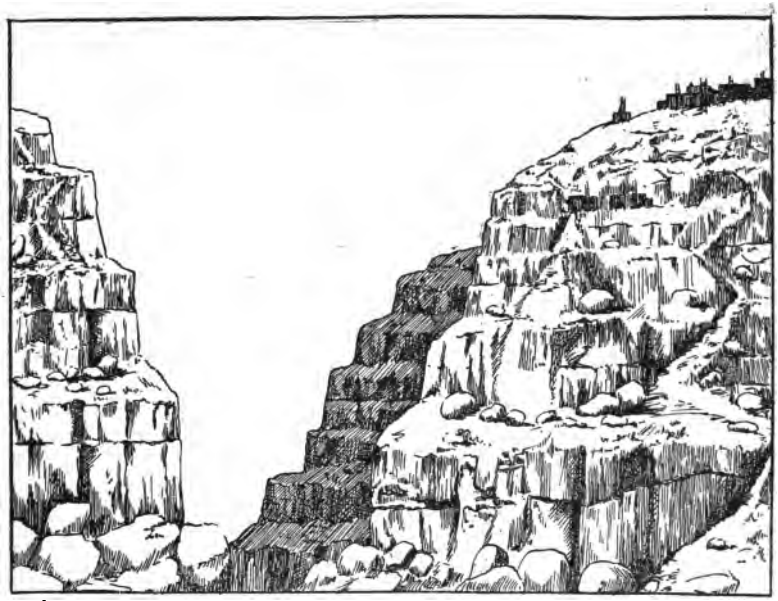
The cliffs looked down into canyons.

Canyons are the deep hollows between the table-lands.

There are some very deep hollows.

Many cool springs flow from them.

You may drink from these springs.



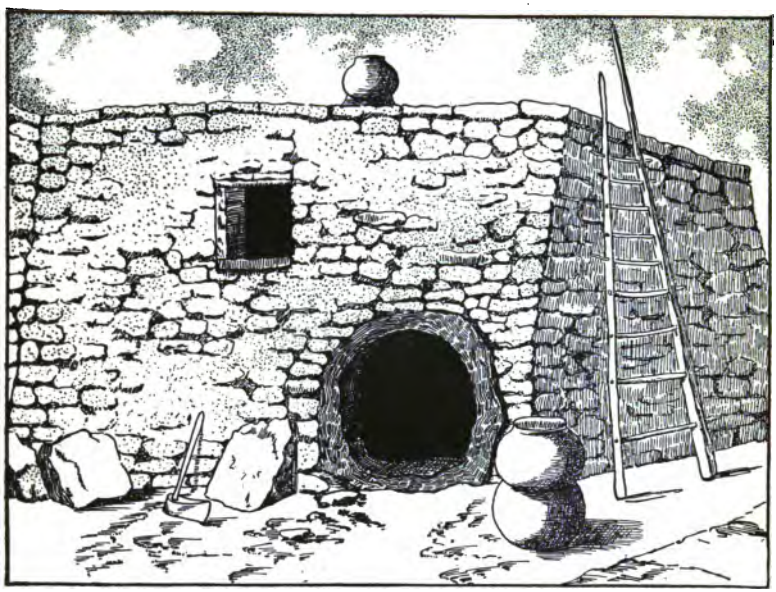
The Cliff-dwellers' houses were on the high cliffs.

They also had farms.

The farms were down in the valleys.

But the houses were high up on the mountains.

There were no trees near.

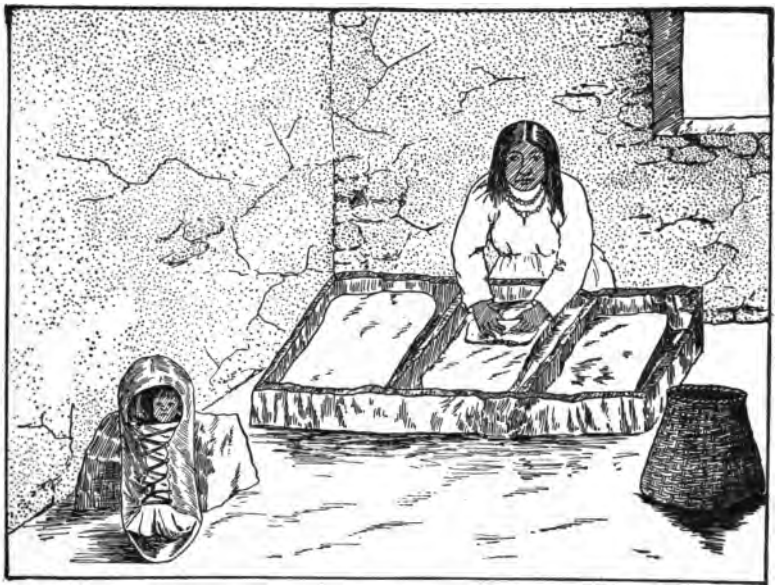


The Cliff-dwellers built their houses of rock.

The walls of rock were put together with a plaster made of mud.

Openings were left in the walls.

Stones were placed against these holes to keep out enemies.



HOPI

Hopi was a little Cliff-dweller.

He was an Indian boy.

He had dark skin and coarse, black hair.

His head was flat, because he had been tied to a board when he was small.

His teeth were hard and white, and were worn off from munching corn.

Hopi's mother laid him up against the rocks when he was little.

She pounded the corn for dinner.

His father was often away from home.

He hunted with his bow and arrows.

He wore a shirt woven from strips of the bark of the basswood tree.

Around his neck was a string of bright-colored beads.

In winter he wore loose trousers of buckskin, which came just below his knee.

He wore leggings, too, and moccasins made of skin.

Hopi had thick, coarse hair.

He made a brush of leaves of stiff grass tied together.

He brushed his hair with this brush.

Then he stuck a turkey feather in his hair.

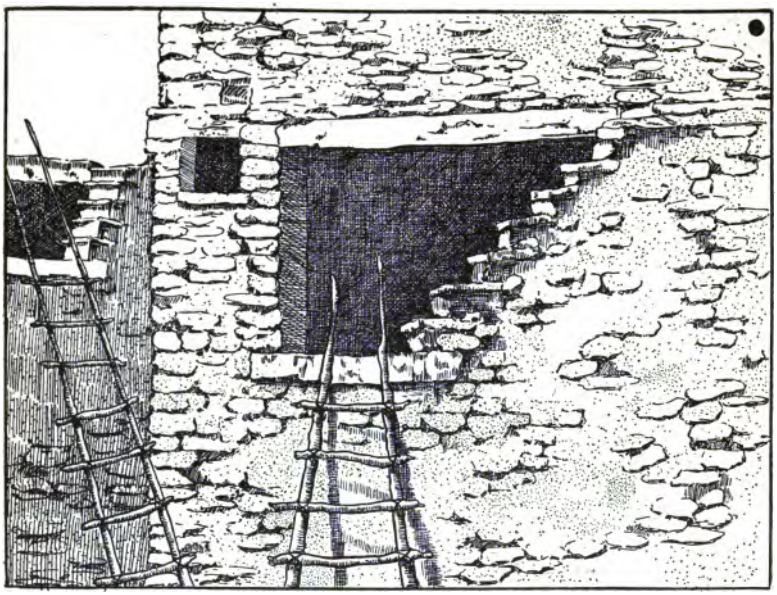
The Cliff-dwellers were not a very clean people.

They had very little water.

They sometimes went to far off streams for water.

Hopi's home was built high upon the cliffs.

It was made of rocks brought from the sides of the mountains.



The walls of Hopi's home were plastered with mud.

His mother plastered these walls.

She left the mark of her palm on the soft plaster.

There were steps cut into the rock.

Long ladders were also used for climbing up and down.

These ladders were made from trees, which grew far away on the rocky slopes.

With stone axe and knife they chopped down these trees and trimmed their tops.

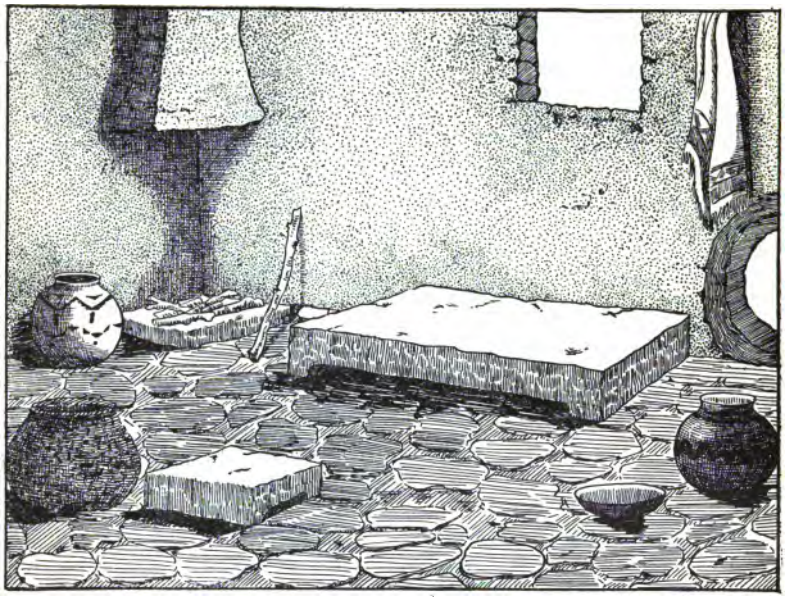
They cut cross-pieces and bound them with green bark.

In Hopi's house there were four rooms with small, round openings.

At the back was a granary.

This granary was a store-room high up in a nook of the rocky wall.

Here were the large water jars filled with water, and bins of corn and beans.



There was no furniture in this house.

There was only a stone bench.

This stone bench was all around the room.

It was often used for a table.

There were stone boxes, too.

Hopi's father was a potter.

He made ollas, or water jars, from the wet clay.

He put the jars in the hot sun, and baked them.

He painted pictures on them.

He painted them in bright colors.

Hopi's father was a hunter.

He hunted the wild deer, that his family might have meat.

He hung the deer meat in the store-room.

He killed the deer with his bow and arrows.

He skinned it with a stone knife.

Hopi's father was a warrior.

A warrior is a soldier.

He fought the wild Indians with his tomahawk of stone.

He had a bow and stone-tipped arrows.

He fought with stone knives and wooden clubs.

Hopi's father was a farmer.

He planted the corn on the rough mountain sides between the rocks.

He planted the beans in the dirt on the cliffs.

Hopi's father was a weaver.

He wove baskets of dried grass.

He plaited the corn husks which he had torn into strips.

He made sandals out of them.

He wove shirts from strips of the basswood bark.

Hopi's father herded the turkeys.

Hopi had a turkey for a pet.

He had a blanket made from its feathers.

He put a feather in his hair.

Hopi's father made stone arrow heads and spear heads.

He made axes and hammers of stone.

He tied them to wooden handles with strips of bark.

Hopi's mother cooked the dinner.

She gathered an armful of cedar twigs.

She took a piece of steel and a flint.

She struck them together to get a spark of fire.

This spark lighted the brush.

Now she had made the fire.

Hopi's mother cooked in the baskets.

She wove these baskets from dried grass.

She filled the baskets with water.

Then she dropped hot stones into the water.

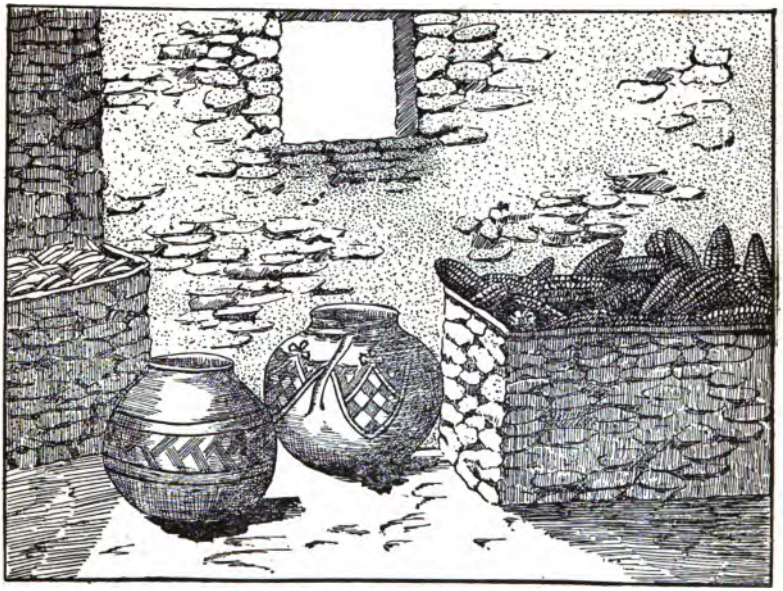
The stones made the water hot.

Hopi's mother pounded the corn with a stone.

She mixed the pounded corn with water.

Then she poured this mixture on a hot stone.

This is the way she made the piki or paper bread.



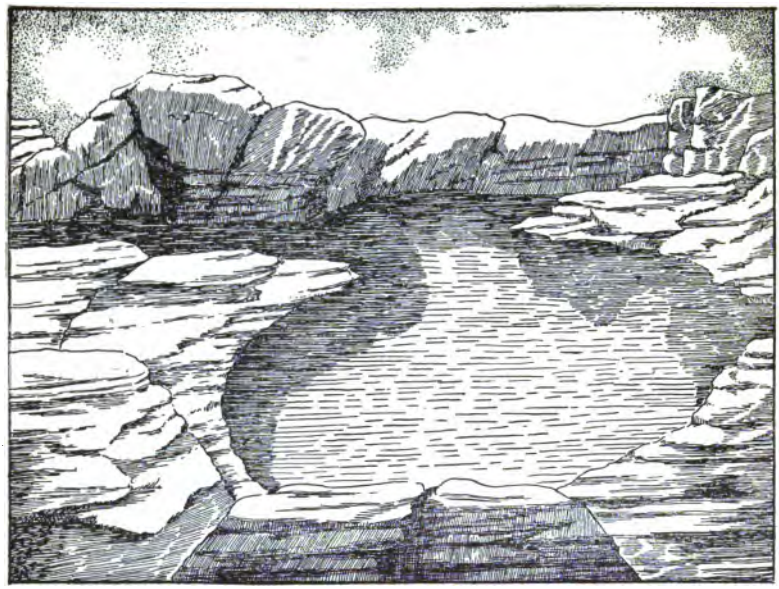
Hopi's house had a store-room.

In this store-room was kept the meat.

Bins filled with corn and beans were here.

The water jars were put in here, too.

Back of this room was a reservoir.



This reservoir was a place sunk in the rocks for holding water.

When it rained, the water came down and filled it.

In the dry season it was empty.

The water was used for cooking and drinking.

There was a ledge before the door of the house.

This ledge was the yard.

Hopi played in the yard.

His brother Ninah played with him.

Hopi loved his brother.

His dog Lobo played with them.

Hopi loved his dog.

Lobo was a yellow dog.

He had white spots.

He was a wolf dog.

Let us play we are Cliff-dwellers.

We will build our house of rocks on a high place.

We will plaster the walls with wet clay.

We will plant corn between the rocks on the hillside.

We will tend the garden.

We will herd the turkeys.

We will plant the grain.

Then we shall be farmers.

Let us make water jars of wet clay.

We can put them in the sun and bake them.

Then we shall be potters.

Would you like to be a weaver?

We will weave baskets as the Cliff-dwellers did.

We will weave the baskets from the dried grass.

HOPI IN PRISON

Hopi grew into a large, strong boy.

He was as old as we are—just six years old.

He played on the rocks with his brother.

They played together just as all little boys do.

The little Indian boy made strings of beads.

The beads were of many colors.

He wore these beads around his neck.

Hopi and his brother were very happy.

They laughed and talked together in their language.

The Cliff-dwellers spoke the Hopi language.

They understood each other just as we do when we talk to one another.

We would think their language a very strange one.

We could not understand them.

Do you think you would like to string beads with Hopi on the high cliffs?

Hopi would always greet you by saying, "Lolami."

"Lolami" means "Good morning" in the language of the Cliff-dwellers.

Hopi always said "Lolami" to all whom he met.

When Hopi was six years old, he and his brother Ninah were playing on the cliffs outside their rocky house.

They were playing in the door yard on the ledge.

They were making necklaces out of red berries.

They laughed and were very happy.

Their dog Lobo was with them.

All at once the children heard terrible noises down the cliffs.

The air was full of yells.

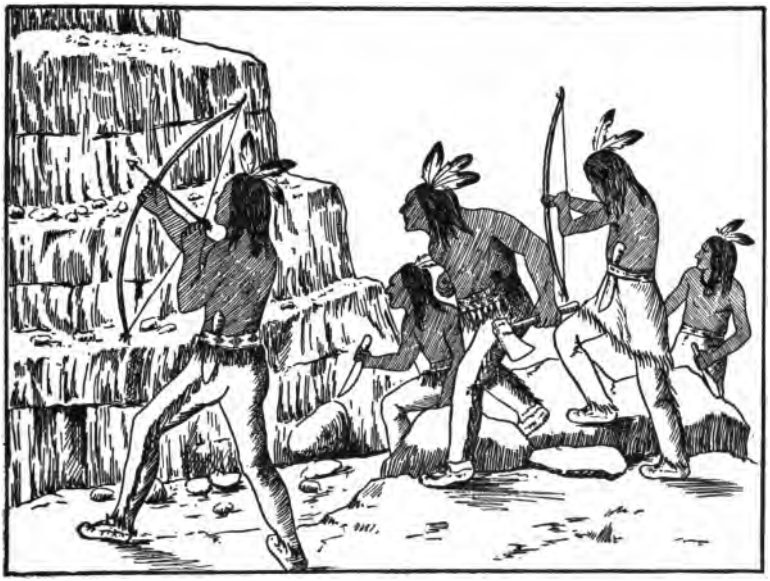
The wild Indians had come to fight and kill them.

To their home up on the cliff came the wild Indians.

They scaled the high rocks.

They climbed up the niche stairway, cut in the side of the cliff.

These wild men had painted faces, with feathers in their hair, and tomahawks in their hands.



The quiet Cliff-dwellers fought with them, for they had come to kill them.

The war-whoops sounded again and again, up and down the canyon.

They were all fighting for their lives.

Hopi's father pushed one wicked Indian over the ledge.

He fell far down to the bottom of the deep valley and was killed.

Another Cliff-dweller threw the Indian's brother like a war club over the ledge, to lie by the dead Indian.

Before Hopi could think, his mother rushed out and took him in her arms.

She thrust him into the granary and put the large stone against the door.

This store-room was at the rear of the house.

Now, she thought, the wicked Indians cannot get him.

In the next room, he heard his dear mother scream.

She screamed when one of the wild Indians followed her to kill her.

Frightened almost to death, little Hopi scarcely dared to breathe.

He listened.

He was very much afraid.

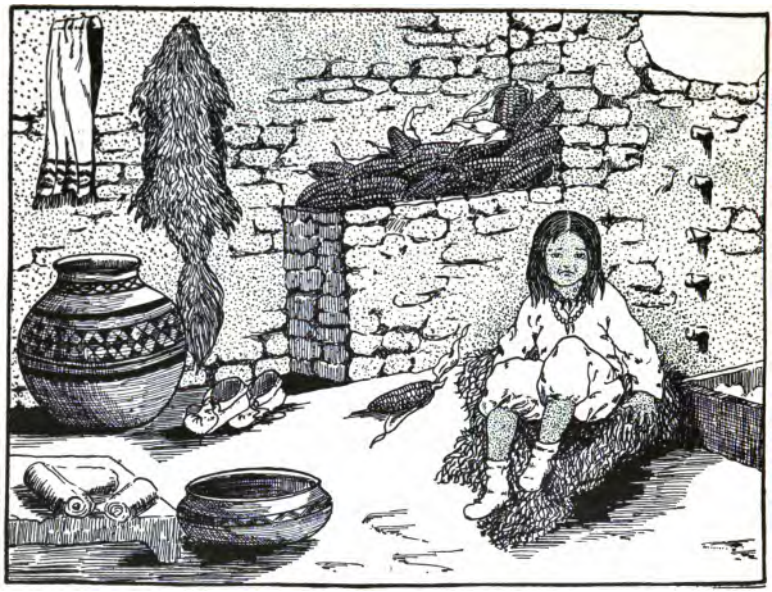
What should he do?

Did he hear his mother's voice calling her boy, "Hopi," "Hopi"?

O why did his mother not come to him?

He could hear nothing.

All was still, so terribly still, that his heart gave a jump, then almost stopped beating.



He called "Mother!" "Father!"

Then he called "Indian!" "Anyone!"

No mother's voice answered the little boy.

Where were they?

Had they all been killed?

Poor little Hopi!

He cried until, tired out, he sank upon the floor, asleep.

He dreamed sweet dreams.

In these dreams he and his brother Ninah were stringing berries for necklaces.

His mother was cooking dinner.

His father was down in the valleys tending the gardens.

At last he awoke.

How long ago it seemed since he had been a happy little boy, playing on the rocks!

He was alone, now, shut up in this room.

He could not get out.

Against the opening his mother had put a stone.

This stone was so heavy that he could not move it.

Happily, for him, in this granary were corn and beans piled high.

There were boxes of dried meat.

This meat was pounded fine.

Hopi's father had put the meat here.

He had laid it between melted tallow.

There were rolls of piki or paper bread, which his mother had cooked.

In one corner were his winter leggings and trousers.

In the reservoir, over the wall, there was water.

Stout wooden pegs were fastened in the wall

Hopi could climb to the top by these pegs, and reach the small opening above.

This opening led into the reservoir.

Hopi was a very hungry boy.

He ate the piki and buffalo meat.

Then he drank the water that he found in the water jar.

When he was satisfied, he sat on a pile of buffalo robes to think.

How strange it was!

Do you not feel sorry for Hopi?

What would you have done?

He knew that his mother and father must be dead.

If not, they would have come to him.

They would not have left him alone through the long, dark night.

No sound came to him, yet he listened.

He listened and waited.

Should he cry?

No, he would be brave.

Besides, who could hear him?

But the tears would slip out of the corners of his eyes.

Down his cheeks they came, faster and faster, until he cried as hard as he could.

Just then he heard the howl of a wolf.

The wolf was calling to his mate.

Hopi was not afraid.

He felt that he was not alone.

He climbed up to the hole that opened into the reservoir.

He could see the wolf.

He sat for hours looking across the water.

He wished he could get out into the air and sunshine.

The water in the jar was gone.

How could he get any water from the reservoir?

It was so near and yet so far.

He could not reach down to the water.

He would bring the water to him.

He took the leather thongs off the ends of the meat boxes.

He used one for a rope.

He drew up water in his mug.

In this way he filled the jar.

As the days passed, he looked upon this room as his home.

He pounded his corn.

He ate it uncooked, as he did not know how to make a fire.

He sat on one box and used the other for a table.

One day he heard a noise in the house like scratching.

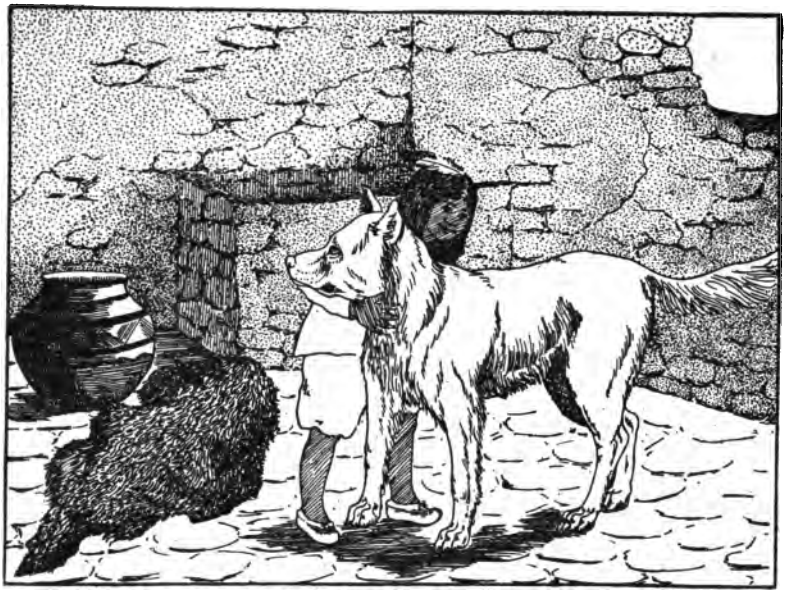
He knew it was his dog.

"Lobo! Lobo!" he cried, "Lobo!"

"My dear dog Lobo!"

He was answered by a joyful bark.

The dog ran hither and thither, trying to reach Hopi.



He ran around the house.

He ran to the shelf of the reservoir.

Hopi climbed up and saw him looking at him across the water.

He jumped from the hole down into the opening.

Oh, how happy they were!

Hopi hugged him, and Lobo barked with joy.

Now Hopi was not so lonesome.

Lobo went in and out, bringing Hopi rabbits to eat.

Hopi talked to him in his own language.

Lobo understood him.

One day Lobo went away.

He did not come back.

Hopi waited and waited.

No Lobo came back.

Several days and nights followed, but he did not come.

Poor little Hopi!

He would sit in the opening and watch the sunlight come and go.

He drew up the water in the basket.

He felt very lonely.

He looked again and again for Lobo.

Where was he?

Had he been killed?

Had he forgotten his little friend Hopi?

One night an owl flew down into his room.

He welcomed him gladly.

How happy he was to see some one.

He fed him with pieces of buffalo meat.

They grew to be great friends.

The owl's night is the day, you know.

He can see better at night.

They were happy companions.

When a long time had passed, whom do you think came to Hopi?

His dog Lobo.

What do you think he brought to Hopi?

His mother's shoe.

He barked and wagged his tail.

Hopi would never know what had happened to him.

Now Hopi began to notice that the supply of meat, corn, and beans would soon be gone.

He must get out of this place or he would starve.

The water, too, in the reservoir was almost gone.

What should he do?

He sat in the opening and looked down into the reservoir.

A thought seemed to come to him.

Lobo was with him as usual.

He filled the baskets with the few beans and grains of corn that were left.

He tied the strips of leather on the baskets.

All this time, Lobo jumped up and down, barking joyfully.

He seemed to understand when Hopi told him that he was going out into the world with him.

He ran backwards and forwards.

Hopi threw the leather strips through the hole into the reservoir.

Then he climbed up and cast a long, loving glance at the room below.

He felt sorry to leave this room that had sheltered him so long.

It had been his home for two long years, although he did not know this, for he could not keep account of the time.

He, Lobo, and the owl had lived, for the most part, a pleasant life.

Lobo was calling to him from the cliff outside the reservoir.

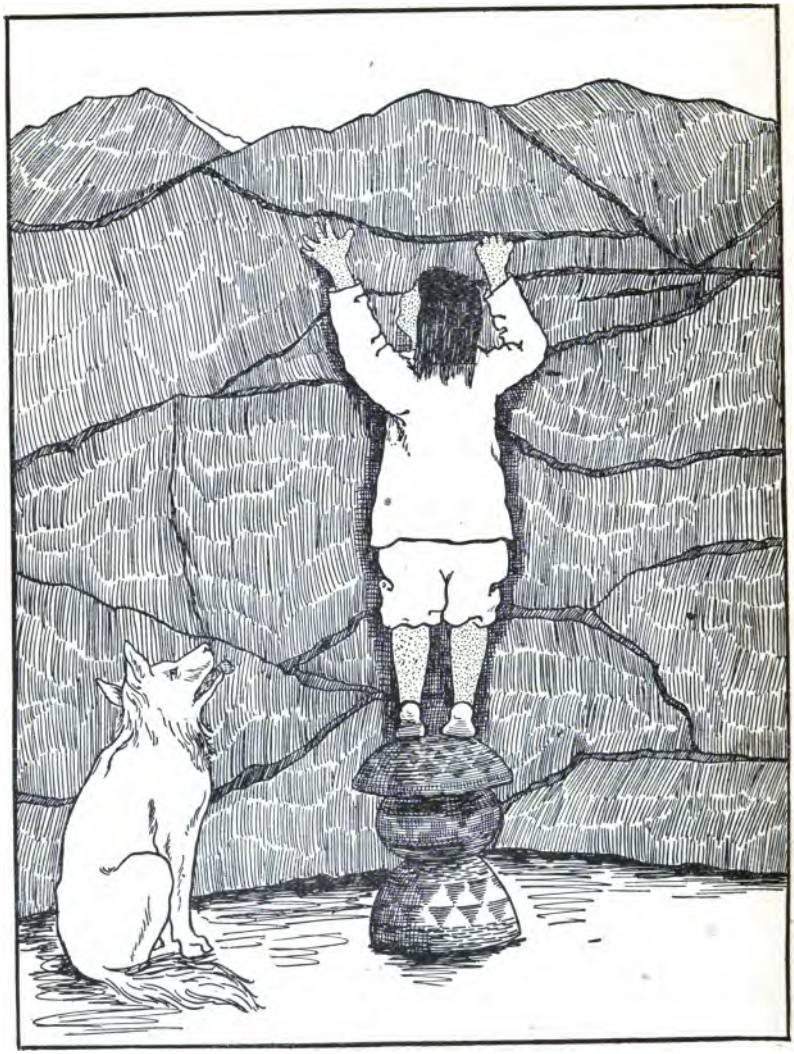
He must go!

He jumped into the reservoir.

What a long jump it was!

But he landed safely on his feet.

He pulled the baskets carefully into the reservoir.



Now how could he get upon the ledge that ran around the reservoir?

First, he stood on top of the baskets, but they all tumbled to the floor.

He looked hard at the straight wall.

Lobo was at his feet barking, talking to him in his dog language.

Oh! he would get on Lobo's back.

So he stood up on Lobo's back, and threw the strips over the ledge.

In this way he could pull the baskets to him when he was on the other side.

He climbed up slowly.

Lobo gave one loud bark.

Hopi was safe!

HOPI'S ESCAPE FROM PRISON

When Hopi was safely upon the ledge, Lobo jumped up after him.

Hopi pulled up his baskets.

Away these two would now go into the great world.

Hopi had at last made his escape from his dark prison.

He walked around the house.

He found a stone knife and a ladder.

His father had made this ladder.

He climbed the ladder and went into the front rooms.

There was nothing to be seen.

Everything was gone.

Hopi was thirsty.

He and Lobo must go in search of water.

Side by side they climbed up and down the cliffs and canyons.

How good it was to breathe the fresh air and walk in the sunshine!

How good it was to be free!

Soon they would go and find Hopi's mother.

Hopi knew that Lobo would surely find her.

How the little boy longed to see her!

They had not gone far, when they spied the gleam of water.

It was a small stream, which was fed by a cold spring.

Hopi and Lobo took a refreshing drink.

Hopi then retraced his steps toward his old home.

In another storehouse he found corn, beans and meat.

He tied the legs of his trousers tightly around the bottom.

He filled one leg with corn and the other with beans.

He bound a piece of deer meat on Lobo's back.

Lobo had a basket in his mouth.

This basket was for water.

Hopi said "Good-bye" to his old home.

He would go far west and hunt for his people.

He and Lobo started on the journey.

They drank from the little streams.

They slept together under the stars.

They traveled for many days.

At last they saw houses in the distance.

Lobo barked joyfully.

He tried to tell Hopi something.

Hopi wondered what he meant.

As they approached these houses on the cliffs, Hopi saw that they looked like his own that he had left behind.

People came running out to him.

They were his own people.

One woman rushed forward and gathered him to her bosom.

It was his long-lost mother!

She kissed him, and cried, "My son Hopi!".

The wicked Indians had taken his mother prisoner.

She had run away from them and found her people.

They had been driven away from their homes.

They had settled here.

She had often longed for her son Hopi.

She thought he had been killed by the wicked Navahos.

Now Hopi and Lobo were truly happy.

Hopi told all his people how he had escaped from prison.

They prepared a great feast for him.

Hopi understood now where Lobo had been those weeks, when he had missed him so much.

Now he knew where he had gotten his mother's shoe.

Good old Lobo!

How all the people loved him for his kindness to Hopi!

Do you think Lobo was a good friend?

"LOLAMI"

"Lolami," call the springs among the
foot-hills,
"Lolami," gleam the peaches in the sun,
As brown-limbed lads do bravely breast
the swift rills
And merry maidens up the niche
stair run.
While daring fathers boldly hunt the
wild deer
And loving mothers weave their
baskets bright;

Or happy farmers glean their grain, the
home near,
And potters mold their clay before
the night.
"Good morning," to the dwellers of the
cliff-land,
Fleet morning passing all too soon
away,
And leaving but a memory of the brown
band,
That fought and lived and conquered
in its day.

— *Margaret Randolph Jewett*

AN INDIAN LEGEND

In the heavens there are seven little stars.

These stars are called the Pleiades.

They look as if they were quite close together.

Sometimes people call them the Little Dipper.

The Indians tell a story about these stars.

There were once seven little Indian boys who were great friends.

Every night they used to come to a little mound to dance and feast.

They would first eat corn and beans, and then one of their number would sit upon the mound and sing, while the others danced around the mound.

One time they thought they would have a much grander feast than usual, and each agreed what he would bring for it.

But their parents would not give them what they wanted, and the lads met at the mound without their feast.

The singer took his place and began his song, while his companions started to dance.

As they danced they forgot their sorrows and "their heads and hearts grew lighter," until at last they flew up into the air.

Their parents saw them as they rose, and cried out to them to return; but up and up they went until they were changed into the seven stars.

Now one of the Pleiades is dimmer than the rest, and they say that it is the little singer, who is homesick and pale because he wants to return, but cannot.

VOCABULARY

PAGE 7

Hōpī
Cliff-dweller
here
is
were
Indians
lived
hundreds
years
ago
this
country
before
Columbus
came

PAGE 8

would
you
not
like
visit
homes
far
West
land
there
has
hills
tables
these
high
are
red
sandstone
sides
called
cliffs
sun
shines
bright
hot
them
looked
down
into
canyons
deep
hollows
between
some
very
many
cool
springs
flow
from
may
drank

PAGE 9

houses
also
had

farms
valleys
but
mountain
trees
near

PAGE 10

built
their
rock
walls
put
together
with
plaster
made
mud
openings
left
stones
placed
against
holes
keep
out
enemies

PAGE 11

little
boy
dark
skin
coarse
black
hair
his
head
flat
because
tied
board
when
small

PAGE 12

teeth
white
worn
off
from
munching
corn
mother
laid
him
up
she
pounded
dinner
father
often
away
hunted
bow
arrows
wore
shirt
woven
stripe
bark
basswood

around
neck
string
bright-colored
beads
winter
loose
trousers
buckskin
which
came
just
below
knee
leggings
too
moccasin
skin

PAGE 13

thick
brush
leaves
stiff
grass
tied
stuck
turkey
feather
very
clean
people
water
brought

PAGE 14

mark
palm
soft
steps
cut

PAGE 15

long
ladders
used
climbing
grew
slopes
stone
axe
knife
chopped
trimmed
tops
cross-pieces
bound
green
four
rooms
back
granary
store-room
nook
large
jars
filled
bins
beans

PAGE 16

furniture
only

bench
boxes

PAGE 17

potter
ollas
wet
clay
baked
painted
pictures

PAGE 18

wild
deer
that
family
might
have
meat
bring
skinned
warrior
soldier
fought
wild
tomahawk
stone-tipped
wooden
clubs

PAGE 19

farmer
planted
rough
sides
between
dirt
weaver
wove
baskets
dried

PAGE 20

plaited
husks
torn
into
sandals
herded
pet
blanket
heads
spear
hammers
handles

PAGE 21

cooked
gathered
armful
cedar
twigs
took
piece
steel
flint
struck
spark
fire
lighted
now

PAGE 22

mixed

poured
mixture
piki
paper
bread

PAGE 23

kept
back
reservoir

PAGE 24

place
sunk
holding
rained
dry
season
empty
cooking
drinking

PAGE 25

ledge
door
yard
played
brother
Ninah
loved
dog
Lobo
yellow
white
spots
wolf

PAGE 26

hillside
tend
garden
grain

PAGE 27

large
strong
old
just
played
colors
around
neck
brother
happy
laughed
language

PAGE 28

understood
another
think
strange
would
greet
"Lolami"
whom

PAGE 29

outside
rocky
making
necklaces
berries

PAGE 30

heard
terrible

noises
yells
scaled
niche
stairway
painted
faces

PAGE 31

quiet
fought
war-whoop
pushed
sounded
wicked

PAGE 32

bottom
valley
threw
rushed
thrust
granary
store-room
rear
thought
cannot
dear
scream

PAGE 33

almost
death
scarcely
dared
breathe
listened
jump
beating

PAGE 34

anyone
answered

PAGE 35

sank
dreamed
sweet
shut
awoke
opening

PAGE 36

heavy
move
happily
melted
tallow

PAGE 37

stout
pegs
reach
fastened
hungry
satisfied
buffalo
sorry

PAGE 38

knew
slip
corners
cheeks
faster
until
hard

PAGE 39
howl
mate
alone

PAGE 40
hours
across
sunshine
reach
bring
thongs
ends
boxes
rope
mug

PAGE 41
passed
uncooked
scratching
joyful
bark
hither
thither
trying
lonesome

PAGE 43
rabbits
away

PAGE 44
watch
sunlight
drew
lonely
forgotten
friend
night
owl
flew
welcomed
gladly
pieces
great

PAGE 45
better
companion
passed

PAGE 46
shoe
wagged
tail
happened
notice
supply
place
starve
thought

PAGE 47
usual
jumped
joyfully
world
backwards
forwards

PAGE 49
felt
leave
sheltered
although
account

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pleasant
outside
landed
safely
pulled
carefully

PAGE 51

stood
tumbled
straight
barking
pull
slowly
loud

PAGE 52

escape
prison
two
great
world
dark
walked
found

PAGE 53

thirsty
search
breathe
fresh
air
free
surely
longed
spied
gleam

PAGE 54

refreshing
retraced
toward
another

PAGE 55

tied
legs
tightly
good-bye
started
journey
drank
slept
under
traveled

PAGE 56

joyfully
tried
wondered
meant
approached
behind

PAGE 57

people
running
woman
rushed
forward
bosom
kissed
wicked
prisoner
driven
settled

PAGE 58

killed
Navahos
truly
told
prepared
feast
weeks
kindness
friend

PAGE 59

peaches
brown-limbed
lads
bravely
breast
swift
rills
merry
maidens
daring
boldly
wild

PAGE 60

glean
mold
night
passing
fleet
memory
band
conquered

PAGE 61

heavens
seven
stars
Pleiades
quite
close
Dipper
story

PAGE 62

mound
dance
number
sing
grander
usual
each
agreed
parents
place

PAGE 63

forgot
sorrows
heads
hearts
lighter
rose
return
changed
dimmer
homesick

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